A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

King of France

AND THE

Late King James,

Occasion'd by the

Death of the Queen.

Written Originally in *French*, at *Paris*.

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King of France *Solus.*

SUre Princes never ought to be alone; for when they are, they think: And where's that Prince who thinks and is not wretched. Thought's a thin, meager, haggard pale Magician, envious of our repoſe, who conjures up ourr

vices in a throng, and ſhews 'em in ſuch ghaſtly forms, we tremble to behold 'em: Then puts the queſtion home upon our Souls, and asks us what it is that tempts us to be wicked.

What is't that tempts us? Why Ambition tempts us: We wou'd Command, Poſſeſs, Diſpoſe, and be Ador'd: For Gods do ſo, and therefore Gods are happy. ——— A ſpecious anſwer this; and one wou'd think, that Man cou'd ne'er miſtake the Path to Bliſs, by following the ſteps of Heaven; but man, alas, is a poor ſickly wretch; his Stomach's weak, and quickly Cloy'd; he ſhares with Heaven in nothing but deſires, his wiſhes are as copious as his Soul; but taſt as bounded as his worthleſs Body. when therefore this Machine, is plac't too high, the Head turns round, and giddy Qualms enſue; the ſmall receptacle of Mortals Joys, is in a moment full; yet ſtill the ſtreams of Luxury flow in, till all delight is drown'd, in floods of Plenty. But were that all, (as wou'd to Heaven it were) were want of taſt the ſole complaint we had; Princes would be leſs wretched than they are; the gaul of Conſcience now lies bitter on their Souls, and makes them ſhiver at the Crimes they do: For ſhould there be a God? which God forbid ——

Enter Page of the Back Stairs.

Monſieur *de Pontchartrain* is here, Sir.

K. Let him enter. *Exit P.*

—Buſineſs is welcome now: It may divert this laſt croſs thought.

Enter

Enter Monſieur de Pontchartrain.

M. de P. I bring important news Sir; the Princeſs of *Orange* is dead.

K. Dead? Whence comes the News?

M. de P. From *St. Germains* Sir.

K. Then 'tis falſe: Their intelligence is as bad as their cauſe.

Re-enter Page.

Here's an Expreſs with Letters Sir from *Callis*.

M. de P. Perhaps a confirmation.

K. Let him in. *Exit P.*

Enter the Expreſs.

K. What News do you bring us Sir.

Ex. What I hope is welcome. The Princeſs of *Orange* is dead. Your faithful Servant, Sir, at *London*, gave me this Letter, within theſe Eight and Forty hours.

K. 'Tis well; thy diligence and his ſhall be rewarded. Retire. *Exit Ex.*

M. de P. Reads. *Sir, Our Queen is dead of the Small Pox, in Six days: Her death has ſhook the Houſe, I hope 'twill fall.*

K. Well hop't my Friend: Thy maſter hopes ſo too, but there's a ſtrong Foundation ſtill to keep it up. Ha! *Pontchartrain*; What's thy Opinion of this ſtroak of Fate?

M. de P. Sir my Opinion's not yet form'd; nor will be, till I know your juſter thoughts.

K. Why then we'll model thine and mine, by

by one that's wiſer than us both. Follow me.

Exeunt.

Madam Maintenon *in her Cloſet at Prayers.*

M M. ——*And ſo O Lord I conclude with thy moſt holy Servant* David, *that above all things it may pleaſe thee, with Fire, and Sword, Plague, and Famine, Thunder, Lightening, Death and Damnation, to regale my Enemies without exception.*

Enter Waiting Woman.

W. W. Madam the King.

Enter the King, *and Monſieur* de Pontchartrain.

K. Madam, I bring you chearful News. The grand ſupporter of our dangerous Foe is Dead: The Prince of *Orange* is a Widdower.

M M. Te Deum Laudamus. This News has weight in t. How do the Rebels take it?

K. That I have no account of yet: But without doubt they mourn her heartily; ſhe was their darling

M. M. She deſerv'd to be ſo: For had ſhe liv'd, ſhe had made 'em great and happy. Nature had form'd her to their niceſt wiſhes. She had Wit, yet ſhe was Wiſe; ſhe had Fire yet ſhe had Temper; ſhe was Courteous, yet Reſerved; ſhe was Modeſt, yet Reſolv'd. A Glorious Soveraign ſhe'd in time have been; ſhe knew the ſecret Path that leads to grandeur on the *Engliſh* Throne; beyoud all Limits ſhe'd have born her ſawy; by making

making't eaſy to diſpute her power. 'Tis well ſhe's gone.

K. 'Tis well indeed; for whilſt ſhe liv'd, Fate wore a ſullen, gloomy doubtful face, which in the midſt of our ſucceſs, made us look pale with fear. 'Twas ſhe that rally'd ſtill our beaten foes; 'Twas for her ſake the cloſe Luxurious Senate ſo freely open'd their beloved Viols, and ſent ſuch portions of their Golden Cordial, to the poor fainting League. You'll ſee em now grow cool, as a ſworn friend juſt when you want his Aid. Their grand deſigns will moulder into duſt; and all their Giant projects dwindle down to Pigmys. Courage my Banker; make my Purſe hold out but two ſhort Summers more, and thou, and I, and we ſhall all be great, fixt as the Sun, in ſpight of 'em I'll ſtand, and with my Rays diſperſe their envious Clouds; thou ſha't behold 'em, like a crew of Dogs, who in a Frenzy have attaqu't a Lyon, lye at a diſtance, lick their Wounds, and howl. I know thou mournſt my wretched people, thou fain wouldſt put a period to their woes. But am I not to be preferr'd to them? Muſt I be wretched to ſupply their wants? Thou'ſt ſay perhaps their wants extend to bread, that were I forc't to quit even half my Realm, there ſtill would be a Kingly Portion left me. Alas, Thou art too good, even to conceive, what 'tis a Prince eſteems a Princes Portion. If in the Infinity of his deſires, his peeviſh Appetite grow ſick with Plenty, reſtleſs and cloy'd, prompts him but to a thought, that by the ruin of ſome Neighbouring State, he may divert a few uneaſy hours: He ſigns their doom, then let his power fall ſhort of his deſign; the Slave who works for

for bread, yet works and ſtarves, is not ſo rackt as he. No: Had I been lowly born, and humbly bred, I then perhaps had had a Soul like thine, compaſſionate and good; but 'tis too late to turn Philoſopher, I am a King? Would I were more, or leſs.

M. de P. The peoples miſery, Sir, indeed is great, I wiſh their Proſperity were equal to their victories: But tho I may in ſome meaſure appear touch't with their misfortunes, I hope your Majeſty will believe my gratitude for all your Royal favours, will guide my wiſhes; to your Will and Pleaſure.

M. M. The King is ſatisfy'd with your Integrity: You have prov'd your ſelf his Faithful Servant, and he believes he has your friendſhip too; but truly *Pontchartrain* both he and I, have often ſmil'd to ſee ſo much humanity dwell in a Stateſman breaſt. Sure buſineſs has ſo taken up your thoughts, you han't had time to find out your miſtake. Have you yet well conſider'd on what terms mankind converſe In War you'll own 'tis lawful to raiſe contribution on the Enemy; the niceſt Caſuiſt I think allows it. And what's the World throughout but one continu'd Theatre of War; does living in one Nation or one Houſe, ſet men at Peace? what are our Kinſmen, Brothers, Fathers, Sons, but Enemies? Huſband and Wife, are they not ſtill at Ods? Isn't Friend to Friend upon his conſtant Guard? Who dares lye down to ſleep, and leave his Door unlockt? Has not each man his Weapons by his ſide? 'Tis true, the Sword is ſomewhat out of uſe, in our ſubdivided Wars, becauſe our hands are ty'd; but we have our inſtruments of ruin; inſtead of Swords,

Men

Men fight with Rolls of Partchment; the Lawyer's General, and leads 'em on: Spares no encouragement that words can give; harrangues 'em on the weakneſs of their Foe; demonſtrates Victory infallible, ſo marches on to Battle: Where let which party will lye ſtretcht upon the ground; they're both aſſur'd of being undone alike. For an equivolent to Rapes, (that modeſt perquiſite of War) who ſpares for Oaths of friendſhip to his Neighbour; that by receiving him into his Houſe, he may preſent him with a fair occaſion, to blaſt his Honour, and debauch his Wife; and as for Treaſure, to ſupport our enterprizes, don't we ſcrew up invention till it cracks; plant each mans brain a *Pontchartrain* to him, that ſtudies Nights and Days for freſh ſupplys. Who cares what others feel, ſo he himſelf is at eaſe? Shew me among your vaunted Patriots, one man who will retrench his Luxury, to give his Tenant ſhoes; that will remit the tythe of his Revenue, to ſet a hundred Families at eaſe? He'll ſcrew his Rents, to the laſt peg they'll mount, and think it is not worth one wandring thought, whither his Peaſants and their Hogs eat in one Diſh or no. And what's the difference 'twixt Rents and Taxes? Landlord and Tenant, is but King and People, and what the former does, the latter ſure may do.

No: Let every thing be levell'd down to earth, crawl like a Worm, and never dare, without the Royal Aid, aſpire to more, than food that they may live, and life that they may ſerve. For thoſe whom Heaven has furniſht with ſuch Talents, as by their Courage, Beauty, or their Wit, they may in differenr ſpheres ſerve or divert their Lord; let them

be taken from the crowd, and by his bounty raiſ'd. But let diſtinctions ſtill proceed from him, and none be ſo preſumptuous even to think of growing Rich, or Great, without his leave.

K. Of what importance is the man called Noble, either to Heaven or Earth, or Thee or Me. An Idle, Worthleſs, deſpicable drone: Too Rich to think deſert is worth his care. Who 'cauſe his Anceſtors had merit, pretends a Title to their wealth and greatneſs. But I pretend it ſhould be known, who will have Riches ſhall deſerve 'em firſt. With one ſmall puff of breath, I'll blow away theſe locuſts of the Land; 'tis they devour the Fruits on't, 'tis not I. What I conſume, is for the peoples uſe, I ſave 'em from the fury of their Foes, and make their name ſound terrible abroad. I ſacrifice for them my Royal reſt; they loſe for me a little worthleſs Blood, whilſt I divide with them their ſordid pelf, they ſhare with me, the Glory of my Arms. Of every Laurel every wretch has part; the Body's honour'd, when the Head is Crowned. Even to my Pleaſures ſtill my Slaves partake; the Limbs are wanton, when the Heart is gay. The Sun, that bright preſerver of our beings, that generous ſource of Life and Health and Joy, on whoſe kind diſpenſations all depend, ſeems Ravenous as King.

Does he not ſuck the Sea, and drain the Land, devour the ſurface of the one, and penetrate the bowels of the other? Is he content with all that they can give? Does he not ſtill cry out for more and more? Yes; he would have each drop of moiſture his. But what is paid him in unwholſome miſts, returns in fruitful ſhowers, and Heavenly Dew. *M. M.*

M. M. When Kings are Cyphers, Fortune rules the World; a Reign for Knaves and Fools to flouriſh in: for Fortune's blind, and bubbled of her favours; but Kings have Eyes to recompence deſert, and therefore Kings ſhould have the gift of all; I ſay the gift, for 'tis alas but that: Princes can eat no more than rural Swains. When Nations cry againſt their wild expence, and lay their coſtly pleaſures to their charge they little think how ſmall a ſhare is theirs; for nothing's theirs but what they can enjoy, and that ——

K. By Heaven 'twere hard to envy 'em. Courts are unknown to thoſe who envy Kings, but wild miſtake runs round the giddy Globe, and each man forms a Hell within himſelf, from a falſe glazing light of Heaven in others: for if it be upon a Throne be Heaven, let me ſink down to Hell; there may be reſt perhaps, but here there's none: State, Grandeur, Buſineſs, War, Drums, Trumpets, Noiſe, Confuſion lead us on, till Youth, and Heat, and Strength, and Life worn down, we crawl into ſome ſudden cloſe retreat, and fret out the ſmall remnant of our days, in anxious thoughts of a paſt age of follies. So Aſſes, hung with Bells about their ears, inſenſibly through dirt and mire trudge on, till Nature ſpent, at length they ſink at once, and feel, too late, the burden they have born.

But to the preſent buſineſs: What may we hope from this great Woman's Death.

Enter Page.

Sir, the King of *England*'s here.

K. Nay, then we ſhall be enlightned.

M. M. The firſt conſequence he'll draw from it, will be his own Re-eſtabliſhment in a fortnight.

Enter King James.

K. J. Sir, here's great News, Sir, My Daughter the Princeſs of *Orange* is dead of the ſmall Pox, Sir; I could not ſleep till I had waited upon your Majeſty, to conſider what's to be done; Sir, I believe, Sir, I ſhall be call'd home into *England* very ſuddenly; for all my Intelligence, Sir, I ſay, Sir, all my Intelligence, aſſures me, the People are very weary of the Prince of *Orange*, for he's a ſtranger, Sir; and ſo, Sir, they don't love ſtrangers; but they love me, for I'm a true *Engliſhman*; I have told 'em ſo upon forty occaſions, and they are mighty ſorry that ever they parted with me, and they'd fain have me again, and eſpecially now my Daughter, the Princeſs of *Orange*, is dead; for, Sir, ſhe was a cunning Woman, Sir, and talkt to 'em, and diverted 'em, and ſo, Sir, they were not ſo ſenſible of my Loſs. But now your Majeſty will ſee, Sir, that the Prince of *Orange* will lock himſelf up, and won't court 'em; and then, Sir, they'll grow ſurly, and make a Plot, for I know 'em, and ſo, Sir, they'll ſend for me: But the thing will go a great deal better, if your Majeſty pleaſe but to order me a hundred Men of War to clear the paſſage, forty thouſand Men to land, and ſeven or eight thouſand Piſtoles, to equip thoſe that come in to me at firſt, Sir, are my chief friends; and my chief Friends, Sir, want Money, and ſo, Sir——

K. Pray, Sir, how does the Queen?

K. J. She's not very well, Sir, elſe ſhe'd have come too. And ſo, Sir, I ſay, I don't queſtion but all will go

go well; for, Sir, my Lord *Griffin* thinks ſo; I ſay, Sir, my Lord *Griffin*; and he knows. But to make all ſure, I think 'tis beſt to beat 'em firſt at Sea, and then———

K. How has your Majeſty found the Road to day?

K. J. Very bad, Sir; and then, Sir, I ſay, when once they are beaten at Sea, we may land any where it's all alike, for the Prince of *Orange* did ſo; and when he was landed every body was for him; and ſo, Sir, when I'm landed, every body'll be for me. The man that brought me the News of my Daughter, the Princeſs of *Orange*'s, Death, ſays he's ſure on't. And ſo, Sir, the man being ſure on't, Your Majeſty's Army will run —— will run—— will run, no riſque at all, Sir.

K. Does your Majeſty deſign to go into Mourning?

K. J. No, Sir: For I'm very glad my Daughter's dead; and I never could deſſemble ſince I was a King. Your Majeſty may remember (for I remember, Sir) how I told the Parliament, that, how I told 'em, to their faces, I did not care a fig 'em.

M. M. 'Twas greatly done indeed.

K. J. Yes, Madam; I did all things above board: I own'd my ſelf a Catholick; and I ſet up an Eccleſiaſtical Court; and I ſuſpended the Biſhop of *London*; and ſent for the Lords into my Cloſet, and without more ado, I askt them if they would take off the Teſt, and then they ſaid, No; and then I turn'd 'em out of their places, and then they were angry, and then I did not care; and ſo I put a Jeſuit into my Privy Council, and the whole Society into my Cabinet; and I call'd over the *Iriſh*; and ſent the Biſhops to the Tower; and broke all the Charters; and

and juſt as I was ordering Maſs to be ſaid in *Weſtminſter* Abby, the Prince of *Orange* came and ſpoil'd all. But I did all above board, Sir.

K. Ay, Sir.

K. J. Yes, Sir, all above board.

M. M. I'm afraid your Majeſty dealt a little too fairly with 'em.

K. J. O no, Madam they lik't me the better for't; for my Subjects hate diſſimulation: I know that, by experience, Madam; for when I came to the Crown I ſwore, I'd keep all the Laws, and when I was crown'd, I did not keep one of 'em; and would you believe it, Madam, they have hardly forgot it to this day. And therefore, Sir, when your Majeſty lent me an Army three year ago, to paſs into *England*, I publiſht, Sir, I publiſht a Declaration before hand, to ſatisfy my people how I intended to uſe 'em: That, Sir, was my contrivance, and my Lord *Melfort*'s: And I was very much againſt the Advice my Lord *Middleton* gave me when he came over, to diſſemble once more, but I yielded to perſwaſion with much ado; I ſay, with much ado, Sir, for whenever I yield, 'tis with much ado.

M. M. Reſolution, Sir, is a very good ſecond to a nice Judgment.

K. J. Yes Madam, they are both very good things; for had it not been for my Judgment and Reſolution, I had inevitably been kill'd at the *Boyne*; for Madam, I judg'd we ſhould be beaten, and ſo reſolv'd to run away But what does your Majeſty think of my propoſal for an *Engliſh* Expedition?

K. Why truly, Sir, I'm afraid a *French* Army would make your Enemies Deſperate, and your Friends Jealous.

K. J. Sir, I'll eaſily ſatisfy 'em about that, for I'll give 'em my word in a Declaration that I'll ſend the Army back at the end of the firſt Seſſion of Parliament; and that will do Sir, for they'll believe me. Why Sir they believ'd my Brother, and when I came to the Crown, they believ'd me too Sir: And ſo they Voted the Duke of *Monmouth* a Traytor, and then they let me cut off his Head; and then they ſettled the Revenue, and ſo they ſet me on Horſeback, and then they grew reſty, for they love to Rebel now and then Sir; but they are a very good natur'd people in the bottom Sir, and mightily given to believe: ——Not in God, Sir, I don't mean.

K. Sir, I underſtand you.

M. M. If your Majeſty will permit me to give you my opinion of this important buſineſs, I think the ſureſt, cheapeſt, and quickeſt way for your re-eſtabliſhment, is to go over *Incognio*, ſlip into the Houſe of Lords, and clap your ſelf into the Throne.

K. A lucky thought; the advice is admirable; and ſince the leſs the Ceremony the greater the Succeſs, I'll give immediate order to provide a Mackerel Boat; and then Sir I think, the ſooner you ſail the better.

K. J. Yes Sir---But Sir---I can't tell Sir, I ſay Sir, if I ſhould be taken Sir, as I was at *Feverſham*: I ſay Sir, if I ſhould be taken, then Sir———

M. M. O Sir, when great Souls engage in glorious enterprizes, they have no ſence of danger.

K. J. No, Madam; Danger, a fig for danger; 'tis not that I'm afraid, I don't value danger, Madam; but only I ſay, I ſay only, if I ſhould be taken.

K. O Sir, there's no fear on't in the paſſage, and if once your Majeſty is ſeated on your Throne, you'll ſee who dares pull you out again.

K. J.

K. J. Nay Sir, if once I'm there, let me alone with 'em; for, not to flatter my ſelf Sir, I ſay Sir not to flatter my ſelf, an awful look, and an elegant Tongue, are of great uſe to frighten ſome folks, and perſwade others. I won't ſay Sir, I ſay Sir I won't ſay, that I am endow'd with em, but one thing Sir I will ſay, I have made ſuch Speeches in that Throne as never King made before me. Sir, I have one ready writ, which I intend to make to both Houſes, upon my Reſtoration. Here 'tis in my Coat pocket.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

BY the Providence of God, here I am once more amongſt you; and that you'll ſoon find. You have been a great while out of the Way; my Father told you ſo upon the Scaffold, but you minded him no more, than St. James's *Church does Doctor* W——— *However I believe he'd have ſet you to rights, if you had let him but live, as you have done me.*

For my part I have long had it in my head to new mold you; but my Work-men were raw, and your Clay was too ſtiff.

You have now lain a ſoaking this ſix years, I hope I ſhall find you more ſupple: But to make all ſure, I have prevailed with our Dear Brother of France (*your very good Friend*) *to lend me forty thouſand of his Men of Buſineſs, who have an admirable method of deciding Differences, both in Church and State, without the help either of Parliament or Convocation; which, as I take it have been the Cauſe of all our misfortunes. But now I hope by Gods good Grace, in a very ſhort time, to make men of one mind in a Houſe, Catholick, Proteſtant, Whig and Tory, Chriſtian, Atheiſt, Lords and Commons,*

mons, ſhall join hand in hand to do what I bid 'em.

I don't doubt but my Lords, the Biſhops, are ſatisfy'd Heaven approv'd my former undertakings, ſince it has wonderfully reſtor'd me to purſue my project, and therefore, leſt I ſhould be guilty of the great Sin of Ingratitude, I reſolve the Glory of God ſhall be taken care of in the firſt place, by the Reſtoration of his Vicegerent, our Holy Father, the Pope, in all his ancient Rights, Prerogatives, Lands and Tenements whatſoever; either belonging to his immediate perſon, or thoſe of his ſacred Family, who for theſe hundred and fifty years paſt, have been ſcampering round the World in Querpo, like the Tribe of Levi.

You little think, My Lords and Gentlemen, how many Rapes, Murders, Thefts and Buggeries, their holy perſons have been forc't to commit, for want of a ſettled Revenue, to buy Meat, Drink, and Whores at the Market price. So they muſt be taken care of in the firſt place.

In the next, I intend to wipe my A—— with the Habeas Corpus *Act, for I think it much to the Diſhonour of the Nation, the* Baſtile *at* Paris *ſhould make more noiſe in the World than the Tower of* London: *And for a farther Supply of Bumfodder I have caſt my eye upon your late Act for frequent Parliaments.*

When this is done, I intend to purſue the old Scent againſt Charters; for Corporations are but ſo many Commonwealths amongſt us: and a Commonwealth is inconſiſtent with the noble English *Spirit, as I have often heard ſay, by Men of Penetration. Your Concurrence in this, my Lords, I need not doubt; for your Lordſhips have ſufficiently ſhewn, you are too fond of your Titles, ever to be in Love with your Intereſt.*

The next think I reſolve to do, is, to ſhut up the Exchequer, *which is an infallible way to touch the Hearts of*

my People; for if they have not yet repented they ſent me abroad; they'll be ſure at leaſt to be ſorry, they ever let me come home.

There now wants but one thing more to compleat your Happineſs, and that belongs to you, Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons: For the Lords, I well know, amongſt other diſtinctions, have the Honour to be exempted from medling with the Wealth of the Nation: Which I think, alone, a ſufficient ground, to ſet a Peer and a Republic at perpetual Odds. This one thing is, Gentlemen, to double the Revenue, and ſettle it upon me, and my Heirs.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

YOU ſee the Scheme of my Government, I don't queſtion, but you are reſolvd to approve on't; by your putting the Power once more into my hands.

I don't know, whither I ſhall have any thing more to trouble you with this Seſſions, which I deſire may be a very ſhort one: If I have, you ſhall hear on't; but my intention is, aſſoon as you have diſpatcht the buſineſs I have recommended to you, to diſmiſs you; and I hope to manage things ſo in your abſence, that during my Reign, there may be no farther occaſion for your preſence.

This is my Speech, Sir. How does your Ladyſhip like it, Madam?

M. M. As all the world, Sir, muſt that hears it.

K. J. Why truly, Madam, I think 'tis a home one; tho I muſt confeſs, 'tis none of my own penning; but I'm as fond on't, as if it were; for it hits my humor to a hair: Ha Madam?

M. M. I think nothing can come up to it, Sir.

K J. No,

K. J. No, Madam: But yet 'tis very well known, I made one at the beginning of my Reign came very near it.

M. M. Yes, Sir; we heard on't in *France*: 'twas much admir'd.

K. J. The Speech muſt have ſomething in't, Madam, it mov'd the Paſſions ſo: For ſome lookt melancholy, ſome pleas'd; ſome cry'd, ſome laught; and at laſt up they came with an Addreſs upon t. Oons, Sir, how I long to be among 'em again.

K. I wiſh you were, Sir, upon my word.

K. J. Sir, I'd uſe em like Dogs.

K. Sir, I believe it.

K. J. There's five new Dukes, Sir——— Sir, I'd truſs 'em; I ſay, Sir, I'd truſs 'em up, like five Ferrets in a Warren.

K. You'd do very well, Sir.

K. J. Sir, I'd hang half the Houſe of Peers.

K. Sir, I believe they don't doubt it; they have good Eſtates.

K. J. Eſtates, Sir! Why the whole Kingdom is either Crown Lands, Church Lands, or Rebels Lands, Sir; and ſo, Sir, every man being reſtored to his own the Pope would have one half, and I t'other. Pray, Sir, lend me your Fleet, and forty thouſand Men; I'll engage to give your Majeſty a very good account of 'em.

K. Sir, both your Courage and your Conduct have been ſufficiently try'd to prevail with me to truſt an Army in your hands: But truly, Sir, I have not at preſent forty thouſand Men to ſpare: Beſides, it would be much more to the Honour of God (whoſe Cauſe you are ſo deeply engaged in) if you landed alone; your Re-eſtabliſhment would then appear the greater Miracle

K. J. Miracle, Sir —— Why, Sir, I muſt confeſs, I have a very great reſpect for a Miracle. Sir, my whole Life has been a Miracle: I'll defy the greateſt Philoſopher in *France*, to give a reaſonable account of any one action in't.

M. M. Why truly, Sir, your Life has been often conſider'd by me with admiration: I have found every ſtep of it ſo very unaccountable, that I have been perſwaded from the moment you were depos'd, 'twould be owing to a Miracle whenever you were reſtor'd.

K. J. Does your Ladiſhip think ſo?——— Why, then I will go over alone —— But, Sir —— if I ſhould be taken, as I was at *Feverſham*, Sir?

K. Why if you are; God's ſtrong, Sir.

K. J. That is true, Sir, God is ſtrong——— Yet I'm cruelly afraid of my Lord *Danby*, Sir, Sir; he'll never forgive me.

K. Why ſo, Sir?

K. J. Becauſe he knows, Sir, I'll never forgive him. Sir, he married my Daughter in ſpight of my Teeth. Pray Sir, lend me a hundred thouſand *Louis d'Ors* to try if I can buy him. Sir, I'll immediately mortgage his Eſtate to you for your ſecurity.

K. Sir, if you could once purchaſe the Landlord, I don't doubt but the Eſtate would make good the Debt: But I'm afraid he'll hardly ſet himſelf to ſale, ſince, if I don't miſtake, he once refus'd that ſumm from me; at a time when he might reaſonably have afforded himſelf a better pennyworth, than, I doubt, in prudence, he can do now. But I think, Sir, the Houſe of Commons would have hang'd him for all that.

K. J. Sir, the Houſe of Commons would hang you.

K. Sir, I honour 'em.

M. M. Your

M. M. Your Houſe of Commons, Sir, often puts me in mind of the *Egyptian* Dragon: Up it comes roaring every now and then, and if you don't throw it a Miniſter to ſtay its ſtomach, it falls a ſmoaking and fuming, till the whole Land's infected with it.

K. J. Yes, Madam; It has often play'd the Dragon; but if ever I get a Horſeback again, I intend to play St. *George*: And ſo, Sir, I wiſh your Majeſty a good nights reſt. Aſſoon as I get to *St. Germains*, I'll ask the Queen leave to ſend for my Lord *Griffin* into my Cloſet, and he and I'll ſettle the whole matter, for two Heads are better than one; and a wiſe Counſellor makes a diſcreet King. *Exit* K. J.

K. Farewel, incorrigible! Would I had loſt my Crown, juſt on the ſelf ſame terms, as thou haſt thine. Sure Heaven exerts its utmoſt ſtretch of bounty, when graciouſly it makes a Man a Fool: There was but that, to ſave this royal piece of Clockwork, from being the mournfulleſt Wretch that treads the Earth: Yet on the Earth, 'tis he alone I envy; baffled, and buffetted, and kick't about the Globe; begger'd, contemn'd, dethron'd, drove like a Sparrow round from Barn to Barn, he chirrups ſtill. The Darts of Fortune fly at him in vain, not one can peirce his Heart; his Armor's proof, Back, Breaſt and Headpiece, all of hardned Folly. He had a Scepter in his hand; he dropt it. What then? H'as got another in his head worth five on't. His antient Crown was circumſcrib'd by Laws; this is as abſolute as Heaven: He doubles his Revenne, he encreaſes his Army, he rewards his Friends, he hangs his Enemies, he blows up his Parliament, he knocks down Hereſy, he reſtores his Religion, and rides a Hare hunting at *St. Germains*.

O happy Monarch! He enjoys without poſſeſſion; he's rich without Treaſure, he's a Hero without fighting, he's triumphant without Victory, he's a King without a Crown, a Saint without Religion; he takes Heaven for his Guardian, and me for his Friend. All this, Almighty Folly! is due to thee

But to buſineſs: This Farce has taken up our time too long. What think you, Madam, of the preſent face of our affairs?

M. M. I think, we have grounds to hope a favorable iſſue of this dangerous War. I look upon the Princeſs of *Orange*'s Death, and the approaching Diſſolution of the *Engliſh* Parliament, a ſufficient encouragement to us to purſue it, unleſs they would now accept of very moderate terms. For tho 'tis true we have been deceiv'd in the Concluſions we have made upon every Seſſions of Parliament, that the Charge of the War would be voted inconſiſtent with the Luxury of the Nation; yet, to our comfort, we have ſeen that party, from whoſe nice ſpun care of Liberty and Property, we hope to receive our Deliverance, ſtrong enough to throw the levying of the Subſidy upon ſuch extraordinary methods, as in all probability will not ſuffice another year, if they do this: For I believe the Funds they have already eſtabliſht, have pretty well ſwept in the looſe corns of the Kingdom. What think you Monſieur *de Pontchartrain*?

M. de P. Madam, I think there is great reaſon to hope ſo, from what we have experienc'd in our home affairs: Where upon all the new erections of Places, *Tontine*, *Hotel de Ville*, *&c.* we have not found above ten or twelve Millions Sterling paid into the Treaſury ſince the beginning of the War, and this has drain'd the Kingdom of all the ready money people had to diſpoſe

diſpoſe of. Now if it be conſider'd, that there is much more Money in *France* than in *England* (tho, in proportion to the extent of each Kingdom, they may be richer than we) and that the Trade here being generally at a ſtand, what Money was to be diſpos'd of, has in probability been brought in, for want of other means to employ it; I believe we may reaſonably conclude, that the *Engliſh* (whoſe Trade is open, and employs their Caſh) will not be able another year to find two or three Millions upon any Fund whatſoever, unleſs they will give ſuch exorbitant rates, as may make it worth the Merchants while to trade at home inſtead of abroad: Which if they pleaſe to do, we'll ask no more.

M. M. I'm glad to find you are of my opinion. Does your Majeſty joyn with us?

K. I believe y'are right.

M. M. If we are, their new Parliament is like to have this Game before 'em. Either they muſt accept of ſuch indifferent terms of Peace, as 'tis probable we then may offer 'em, or they muſt leſſen the expence of the War, or they muſt reſolve to raiſe their Money by ſuch means, as the whole Subſidy may be paid in within the year, without a Debt upon the Nation. If they accept the Peace, your Majeſty makes a glorious end of the War. If they leſſen their expence, the Confederacy drops at once. But if they once reſolve (which Heaven avert) to raiſe the Subſidy without a Debt, you are undone, your Subjects hearts will then ſink down at once, from the dread proſpect of a tedious War: Your Victories have hitherto been Cordials to their drooping Spirits: Drunk with Succeſs they have thought the World their own; and wondred every day they did not ſee Ambaſſadours with Ropes

Ropes about their Necks, crawling along upon their Hands and Knees t'implore a Peace. But the Defenſive War, to which we are at laſt reduc't, alarms 'em. They grow inquiſitive; ask Queſtions: Why, What, and How; words obſolete in *France*, are now in uſe again. 'Tis true, they are told, we are only parrying a thruſt or two; and when our Enemies are out of breath we ſhall diſarm 'em: This they are told.

K. And may be they're told true: For my part, I hope more from the thickneſs of our Enemies Skulls, than I fear from the length of their Swords. Were their Underſtandings as well winded as their Purſes, I'm afraid we ſhould ſcarce be able to parry, ſo long as they to thruſt; but my Faith is in their old *Britiſh* Policy, they have mov'd by it, through the whole Courſe of the War, and we know it always refines, when they draw to a Peace.

Were their Brains nouriſht by any thing, but their Beef and their Pudding, they could never have conceiv'd, I would offer 'em any reaſonable terms, till they gave me demonſtration both of their Will and Power, to make a *Trojan* War on't, if leſs time would not ſerve to decide our Quarrel in: But they have gone ſo gingerly to work (bar the word vigorous in the Subſidy Vote) one would think they were afraid of making me ſtart. The moſt they have ever threatned me with, has been *One Year longer*: Let us try *One Campagne more*, cry they: Why what do theſe block-headly *Iſlanders* think of? Do they imagine, when Kingdoms are at ſtake upon one Summers throw, a Monarch, abſolute as I, can want for any thing? I may exhauſt my Subſtance by degrees, but never ſure can want a Cordial Drop to rouſe my Spirits, in a fainting fit. No: They may weary me, but ne're beat

beat me down; they must not think to carry me by storm. When they can starve me, I'll capitulate: But their Blockade must have a much more lasting face, before it looks me even to a stomach.

M. de P. Sir, my Experience, as a Politician, is so very small, there may be some presumption in offering my Advice; especially where my Opinion happens to vary from that your Majesty seems to be of: But my fervent Zeal, I hope, Sir, will excuse me.

The continu'd Refusals of the Duke of *Savoy*, and other Members of the League, to hearken to those advantageous offers, Your Majesty has thought fit to make 'em, even in the worst of times, I believe, has convinc'd you, Sir, your measures are not to be level'd to the prospect of a separate Peace. The whole Machine is mov'd by that great Wheel, the Commons of *England*, and till that stands still, the Engine will continue to work: 'Tis therefore, at that alone we are to point our thoughts; and from thence alone, we are to expect our Destiny. 'Tis a massy Wheel, Sir, tho there may be some rotten Spoaks in't, twill often crack, but I'm afraid 'twill be a tedious time a breaking; or to suppose the best that we can hope, that all its joints at length were loose, and shaking all to pieces; who knows, but in so great an exigence, Workmen may be discovered in the land, dexterous enough to plate it round with Steel, and then it lasts for ever. 'Tis true, they must be dexterous indeed; for if they drive one Nail awry, 'tis odds they split the Wood. But would we were assured 'twould come to that: I am affraid the State will ne're grow sick enough to stand in need of Cupping; its health will be restor'd by gentler means: A little too much blood, I doubt's, the only cause of their Distemper.

Their Veins are full, they have too many ways for raiſing Money, and thence their preſent difficulties come; for every man is fond of his own thought, and conſequently muſt oppoſe his Neighbours. But let 'em bleed one Seſſions more, and all their Cavils will reduce to one; the Queſtion will be ſhort,

Shall we be baffled by the French *abroad*;
Or run the Riſque of an Exciſe at home.

Sir, when once it comes to this; I am affraid Bugbears will prove but Shadows: Things, as they will then be nearer to the ſight, will appear in truer proportions: The danger of the Enemy will ſhew much greater, that of an Exciſe much leſs: a thouſand various cauſes will then concur, to make the Pill go down. Honour will make ſome friends to it; Revenge will ſtir up others; Fear will increaſe the Number, and Intereſt will bring in a Shoal. The Tide will be too ſtrong for us to ſtem; our Advocates will plead in vain, the Point will be carried, and we perhaps undone. I tremble at the conſequences of a fixt Revenue, a method in that, will produce order in every thing elſe: Wiſdom in the Government, will bring Conduct into the Army; and Diſcretion in the Officer, will give Courage to the Soldier. That Nation once had a brave generous Spirit, we may remember it, it coſt us dear: I doubt 'tis only lull'd aſleep in Luxury; too long a Noiſe of Drums may chance to wake it: I would they were unbrac'd.

K. Thou haſt rous'd a thought, that ſhakes my reſolution; yet ſtill I ſtand reſolv'd. Caſtles and ſtubborn Oaks ſometimes will ſhake, yet 'tis no eaſy matter to remove 'em. This ponderous Globe, it ſelf,

will

will tremble too, yet round it goes, and ſtill performs its work. Nay, the moſt timerous parts of the Creation, have in their kinds a generous perſeverance; the School-boy trembles at the Rod, yet ſtill purſues his Play The Thief rides ſhivering by th' ill boding Gibbet, yet takes your Purſe before he's out of ſight on't. Even the poor tatter'd Whore, tho threatning Batteries of fatal Pox mounted at her Gate, loaden, and prim'd, and ready to give fire; does ſhe cry out for Quarters? —— Nay, view the Coward Prieſt, with all his quaking proſpects of Damnation, is he not ſtill a Villain to the end; Will he not riſque Salvation for Dominion; and leave his darling Soul, to patch up the beſt peace it can, at the laſt gaſp of Life? And ſhall I yield, becauſe there's ground for fear? No, blaſted be my Laurels if I do: Ill never help my Foes to play their Game; I know they have it in their hands. But doſt not ſee? They are ſuch wretched Bunglers, they have not yet learnt how to ſort their Cards, ſuch Gameſters ne're can win.

M. de P. Unleſs they ſhould improve, Sir.

K. That we muſt riſque; if it will bear that name, for by the Gods, I think our venture's ſmall: But let's ſuppoſe the worſt, and moſt unlikely thing that can befal us. Our Enemys grown wiſe: Why this may coſt us —— half a ſcore of Towns; for there's the mighty Prize for which we battle, for which Families are deſtroy'd by Plunders, Nations undone by Taxes, Countries conſum'd with Fire, Rivers run with Blood, Women raviſht, Children murdered, the Earth in Confuſion, and Heaven ſet at Defiance: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. The World's a Bubble, and Mankind's an Aſs.

Exeunt.

FINIS.